

of the children who were to receive the instruction he envisaged would become farmers or be engaged in occupations connected with agriculture, and it seemed to him natural and right that men in this walk of life should have had their memories stored with "the useful facts of the past" against the day when, as citizens responsible for their own happiness, they would bring them to bear upon the events of their own time and place. The facts of the past were useful because they gave rise to ideas, and in ideas Jefferson perceived a power which would counteract the power of property and thus make for social equality in the Republic.

Scarcely anybody nowadays will judge Jefferson's plan to be beyond debate. Our contemporary pedagogic theory will be distressed by the idea of storing what it would call the mere memories of children with what it would call mere facts and, at that, facts about the conduct of the alien race of adults in far distant times and places, having nothing to do with the desires and instincts of children. And scorching questions are sure to be raised about the present state of the subject which Jefferson makes pre-eminent in elementary education. It will be asked, for instance, whether his view of history was not, as compared with ours, a naive one. He did, of course, understand that history might be biased, that party-interest might obscure or distort the facts. But he did not doubt that the facts were to be known and that the narrative of them, which they themselves would dictate to any honest mind, would be the truth and, as such, unitary and canonical. This belief the historiography of our day teaches us to regard with scepticism.

It can be said of Jefferson that his sense of the past was definitive of his intellectual life. From earliest youth into his old age the intense imagination of the past gave impetus to his mind—us, of course, it gave impetus to all the shaping minds of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, Goethe, Hegel, Darwin, Marx, Freud—all were rooted in their sense of the past, from which derived the force with

which they addressed themselves to the present. None of them could have imagined that event of our day which one eminent historian, J. H. Plumb, has called the "death of the past", that mutation of culture, represented by Professor Plumb as following inevitably from the full development of industrial society, which makes the idea of the past superfluous and, for many, nothing but limiting and obstructive. This profound alteration of our culture is explicit in the ever-diminishing place that history is given in the curriculums of our schools and colleges. The effluence of mind in the two centuries before our own seems so closely bound up with the vivid imagination of the past that we are led to conclude that the urgent recollection of what man has already done and undergone in pursuit of his destiny is a necessary condition of comprehending and intending mind. And if now we may be aware of a diminished confidence in mind, of a disposition to withdraw our credence from it, we might conjecture that this is, if not a consequence, then at least a concomitant of our diminished awareness of the past, of our disaffection from history.

The advent of the intellectual

What mind is, and what it should be, and what part it ought to play in human existence became an issue of public policy at least as early as the eighteenth century. If we regard the history of Europe between the Puritan revolution of the seventeenth century in England and the yet more drastic revolution in France at the end of the eighteenth century, we cannot fail to be aware of a new element in the life of mankind—the ever-growing power of ideas. Michael Walzer has said of the Puritan clergymen of England in the seventeenth century that they were "the first instance of 'advanced' intellectuals in a traditional society", that is to say, the first of a class of men who bring ideas, publicly expressed, to bear upon the nature of the polity, making it a question for debate how society should be constructed.

With the French Revolution this new element in human life reached a further development. Hegel said of the French Revolution that it was the first time in history that mankind recognized the principle that "thought ought to govern spiritual reality".

An early consequence of this new expectation of mind was that it gave rise to a certain coarseness of intellectual procedure—to what we call, with some adverse force, rationalism. To be rational, to be reasonable, is a good thing, but when we say of a thinker that he is committed to rationalism, we mean to convey a pejorative judgment. It expresses our sense that he conceives of the universe and man in a simplistic way, and often it suggests that his thought proceeds on the assumption that "reason" is a close analogy to be drawn between man and a machine. This analogy, if for some it guaranteed optimism about the possibility of the control and direction of life, was for others the cause of an intense anxiety, as seeming to limit the freedom and dignity of man. To the principle of the machine the antagonists of rationalism opposed the principle of the organism, the view that man and his institutions are not designed and contrived but have their autonomous existence through the inherent laws of their growth and development.

The powerful cultural tendency to which we give the name Romanticism is defined by its effort to correct the theory of the mind which had become dominant in the eighteenth century. Opposing itself to what Pascal called the "spirit of geometry", that is to say, the programmatic isolation of the cognitive process from feeling, imagination, and will, Romanticism insisted that these faculties were integral to any right conception of mind. Wordsworth's great autobiographical poem *The Prelude* gives the classic account of the damage done to the mind of the individual, to its powers of cognition no less than to its vital force, by the scientific conception of mind that prevailed among intellectuals at the time of the French Revolution. The explanatory subtitle of the poem is "The Growth of the Poet's Mind"—for Wordsworth, the poet's mind was the normative

mind of man. It grew, he said, not through the strengthening of its powers of analysis and abstraction but through the development of feeling, imagination, and will.

Science and the poetic mind

Wordsworth's attitude towards science has a peculiar pertinence to any canvass of the situation of mind in our own culture. One of the best remembered things about Wordsworth is the antagonism to science he expressed, but it is scarcely less characteristic of his thought that he did not consent to see the poetic mind and the scientific mind as being in final opposition to each other. On the contrary, he asserted that there was a natural affinity between them. "Poetry", he said, "... is the impassioned expression which is on the countenance of all science", and he predicted that the day would come when the discoveries of scientists would be "as proper objects of the Poet's art as any which can be employed". There was, however, one condition which he said must prevail before this happy state of affairs could come about—that the substance of science should become familiar to those who are not scientists. No one will suppose that this familiarity has been achieved. Physical science in our day lies beyond the intellectual grasp of most men. The newspapers inform us in a loose, general way of its great dramatic events. We have our opinions of its practical consequences, but its operative conceptions, but its alien to the mass of educated persons. They generate no cosmic speculations, they do not engage emotion or challenge imagination. Our poets are indifferent to them.

The old humanistic faith conceived science, together with mathematics, to be almost as readily accessible to understanding and interest as literature and history. Jefferson took this for granted. The belief that the fully developed man—the "whole man", as the phrase goes, or went—must have, and would want to have, some knowledge of science and mathematics was

until recently taken for granted in the American theory of education and was implicit in the requirements of the curriculum. These requirements, well known, are undergoing severe attrition and in many colleges have been abolished. The successful method of instruction was no longer seen as the pressing, which can give a prehension of science in its present state of development, those students who are professionally committed to the study and especially endeavor to achieve it.

This exclusion of most of us from the mode of thought which is habitually said to be the characteristic achievement of modern age is bound to be experienced as a wound given to the intellectual self-esteem. This humiliation we all agree is silent, but can we doubt that it has its consequences, that it introduces into the life of the nation a significant element of alienation and estrangement which must be taken into account in any estimate that is made of the fortunes of mind?

But surely, it might be said, when it comes to the actualities of life this exclusion from science is not of decisive consequence. When Adam in *Paradise Lost* says that he wants to understand the mysteries of the cosmos, archangel Raphael tells him to puzzle his head over these strange matters and assume that the "prime Wisdom" is to know "that which before us lies in daily life". The good sense, the angelic advice is confirmed when we consider that our scientific friends and colleagues are not seen any further advanced than the prime Wisdom than the rest of us. They see no more clearly than we do what lies before us in daily life.

But this reassurance of some of its efficacy when we serve that, as compared with relation in which we stand to physical science, most of us do not come any closer to the temporary intellectual discipline which addresses themselves to the affairs of daily life. Economics may serve as an example. In John Stuart Mill's *Principles of Political Economy*

book was at once a great success; over the next thirty-two editions of it, which were published in England alone, The well known, are undergoing severe attrition and in many colleges have been abolished. The successful method of instruction was no longer seen as the pressing, which can give a prehension of science in its present state of development, those students who are professionally committed to the study and especially endeavor to achieve it.

Attacks on intellectual authority

I have touched upon certain developments in the organized intellectual life of our day which may be thought to make an individual person's participation in it difficult or fruitless. But if it is indeed the case that an uneasiness has come into our relation to mind, we ought to consider whether this might not be something other than a response to particular alienating circumstances, whether it is not rather the expression of an attitude toward mind which is more neatly autonomous, an adverse judgment passed upon mind in its very essence.

It is a commonplace of our day to speak of crises of authority, and the glibness with which we use the phrase does not derogate from the salient actuality of what it denotes. One such crisis of authority, we might suppose, is taking place in relation to mind. Certainly a chief characteristic of mind is the claims which it makes, or which are made for it, to a very high authority indeed. Of these claims one goes so far as to identify mind with divinity itself, and it was once usual to express the idea of intellectual authority in terms which were explicitly analogous with social authority and the status pertaining to it. The classic example is Plato's account of mind, which asserts the superiority of thought to all other activities and represents it as free and noble while condemning physical occupations, however necessary and skilled, as mechanical and servile; in Plato's ideal polity all authority is vested in men of mind, the Philosopher-Kings. Aristotle can imagine the right development of individual mind as taking place only in men of high rank. The association of mind with social authority continues into modern times, when, however, the emphasis is placed upon the aggressive activity by which authority is achieved and asserted—a criticism of life and in the nineteenth century the received way of praising mind was to connect it with the aristocratic military ideal: "we hear of 'the march of mind', of 'the imperious intellect', of 'heroes of thought'."

But at the end of the nineteenth century a voice was raised to say that mind in its traditional authoritative and aggressive

character was so far from being in the service of mankind as actually to constitute a principle of social evil. The voice was that of William Morris in *News from Nowhere*, the enchanting romance in which he envisioned a society of perfect felicity. Two ideals were to be realized in Morris's utopia: one was equality; the other was rest, the cessation of all anxious effort. To this end Morris excluded science, philosophy, and high art from his community. His happy people occupy themselves with what he had elsewhere called the "lesser arts", those modest enterprises of the hand which produce useful and decorative objects of daily life. Morris wanted neither the aggressiveness of comprehension and control which highly developed mind directs upon the world nor the competitiveness and self-aggrandizement which obtain among those individual persons who commit themselves to the life of thought and creation and which he associates with the worst traits of capitalist enterprise. He wanted no geniuses to distress their less notable fellows by their pre-eminent ability to tell the truth or be interesting, and to shine brighter than the general run of mankind, requiring our submission to the authority of their brilliance, disturbing us with novel ideas and difficult tastes, perhaps tempting some few to emulate them by giving up rest in order to live laborious days and incur the pains of mental fight. As Morris's young friend William Butler Yeats was to put it, mind says, "Thou fool", and Morris wanted no such divisive, and anti-egalitarian manners in his society. He would not even allow teachers into it, justifying their exclusion by his certitude that anybody could learn all by himself all that he wanted and needed to know.

News from Nowhere has always been regarded with a sort of affectionate condescension—most readers have been charmed by its vision of unexiled life but have felt that its attitude toward mind made it impossible for them to take it seriously. We in our time will be less disposed to condescend to the book which eight decades ago stated the case against mind that is now being openly litigated in our culture. This adversary proceeding represents mind as having two maleficent effects. One is that the authority accorded to mind leads to the negation of social equality. The other is that mind works a personal deformation in those who commit themselves to its service.

That mind could be thought to make a principle of inequality would once have bewildered any man of good will and advanced views. Jefferson thought that it was virtually of the essence of mind that it pointed toward equality, and his system of education had the specific goal of countervailing the power of property by the power of ideas, which he assumed to be accessible to all men equally. Yet we must see that whatever inherent antagonism there may be between ideas and property, they are not in all respects dissimilar. Between ideas and one form of property, money, there is actually a close analogy to be drawn. At a certain point in history money began to play a part in society which can be thought of as ideal—in England in the late Renaissance, in a society in which the aristocratic land-owning class was prepotent, money had a disintegrating effect upon the nation's class structure and hence upon its moral and intellectual assumptions. As Shakespeare said in the famous speech in *Timon of Athens*, which Karl Marx found so apt to his own purpose, money has the power to bring into question every certitude and every piety. It was the ever-growing power of money that proposed and propagated

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Franquismo's victims Jordan's king In search of another country

MIGUEL GARCIA:

Franco's Prisoner

171pp. Harv-Davis. £2.25.

RONALD FRASER:

In Hiding

The Life of Manuel Cortes.

238pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £2.50.

I had been released from twenty years' imprisonment in Spain, and was on my way to London. On the boat I fell into conversation with a pleasant middle-aged couple, working people who were about to afford a late holiday. I wanted to practise my English. They asked me my home town and I told them it was Barcelona.

"You're so lucky," said the lady eagerly. "If only we could live in your beautiful country."

These are the opening words of Miguel Garcia's book, *Franco's Prisoner*. Few of the men and women who have had the experience of Spanish jail, since 1939 have written their reminiscences, and such testimonies as do exist are often very difficult to obtain, having been printed and circulated underground in Spain itself, or published by obscure and precarious publishing concerns abroad. Virtually none of them have been translated into English. *Franco's Prisoner*, therefore, is welcome, if for no other reason, for covering ground unfamiliar to the British public.

Mr Garcia, an anarchist who fought in the Civil War, was jailed for some months after it ended. On his release, he joined the most famous of the clandestine action groups in Barcelona, and his account of its activities here is curious but informative. It is a pity, though, that he should give the impression that anarchist agitation, especially in the years after 1945, was limited to the activities around Francisco Sabater. In 1949, most of the Tullian Group, as it was called, was rounded up. Mr Garcia was lucky: he only had twenty years of jail ahead of him. His account is limited to what he himself saw and experienced, and has that personal and convincing quality common to other accounts of similar experiences by Spanish anarchists, a quality having to do with the economic and low-keyed style in which they tell of misfortunes that in no way surprised them—the implication

being: what else can you expect from capitalism?

Mr Garcia's intention was clearly not that of writing a travel book based on Franco's prisons (about which he is highly informative). He made the difficult choice of going to live abroad at an age when people no longer usually emigrate in order to tell a story which would show people still willing to listen to the other face of *Franquismo*. He writes to counter the increasingly fashionable view that Spain has become, at least in the things that matter, a quasi-Western democracy.

Mr Garcia's trial may not have been the fairest ever, but there is no doubt that he was actually guilty of terrorist activity. The sentence may have been harsh, but his crimes were of the sort which no existing society tolerates; and the prisons he describes, though far from pleasant, and in spite of petty-minded officials and of cockroaches, compare very favourably with those of George Jackson or Marcello Vinti. It is not only the extreme revolutionary but the soft-hearted humanitarian, who will feel wholeheartedly with the author and against those who jailed him. Why, then, is this book so effective in driving home its political message?

Partly, because of the contrast it evokes between the remoteness with which a political criminal of 1949 was kept in jail until 1969, and the generosity with which the present leaders of Spain are known to flout the law when it suits them. The legal absurdity of the 1971 pardon to those indicted in the Maestres scandal is the first and most obvious instance that comes to mind; the pardon came before the sentence, and was eagerly accepted by the high officials concerned, even though it implied that they were in fact guilty.

But the effectiveness of the book comes even more from the way it manages to convey the other facet of the situation in which Mr Garcia found himself from his capture until his release. For twenty years, though he belonged to a political organization which always cared much for its prisoners, he lacked almost totally the warmth of comradeship support from outside. The few exceptional cases in which he managed to establish contact were also dangerous occasions; indeed, his comrades are not allowed to exist. Through this account of life inside the prison, the reader suddenly grasps the nature of the regime which the bars are there to protect. He realizes (or remembers) that in a different context, beyond the political mayhem of Spain, men like Mr Garcia may choose to fight for their revolutionary aims through legal trade unions and free newspapers. He also realizes (or remembers) that, had Mr Garcia not been a revolutionary, he had fought only for the institution of legal trade unions and free newspapers, he would still have had to choose between doing nothing or next to

nothing, and fighting in much the same way with the same consequences.

Franco's Prisoner in fact exposes a very common misconception, whereby we judge the repressive character of a regime in terms of the number of deaths, or of the years of imprisonment imposed on the losers in the political struggle. This may often be meaningful. But it is also essential first to look carefully at what sort of activities are subject to repression, and an indirect way of doing this is to see what sort of men and women live in obsessive fear of the police. Ronald Fraser's *In Hiding* provides, in this respect, an important document.

Manuel Cortes was a reformist socialist in a village near Málaga. He organized an agricultural workers' trade union, and was mayor of Mijas when the Civil War broke out. He had committed no crimes, even from the standpoint of the least generous interpretation of the Spanish criminal law. When Franco's troops entered Mijas, he fled, and was conscripted into the Republican army. At the end of the war he went back to his village. Warned by his wife and friends, he decided to hide at home. After an astounding odyssey between four walls, he emerged in 1969, when he at last felt that it was completely safe for him to reappear.

Mr Fraser has tape-recorded and edited interviews with the Cortes family, and the result is an excellent book, by any standards. Apart from the vivid narrative of the hero's personal story, *In Hiding* provides a fascinating account of the life of Mijas from 1900 onwards. It will no doubt become a minor classic for historians interested in that corner of southern Spain.

Hiding confirms what Ian Gibson has recently shown for the Granada area: the systematic character of the Francoist repression. It was systematic, protracted, and aimed at ideas rather than mere deeds; and the intensity of the fear experienced by so many for so long is perfectly conveyed by the candour and levelheadedness of those interviewed here. But the reader unacquainted with Spanish affairs should know that what is true of Mijas does not necessarily apply to the whole of Spain. Tensions and hatreds made Andalusia one of the worst areas of Spain, in cases like this. Men like Manuel Cortes did not everywhere have to hide for so long, nor did they always receive the threat of death after re-emerging, as has happened to him. But the differences were only differences of degree. It is a sad reflection of the mood of the regime that, when Cortes reappeared three years ago, this should have been widely greeted in much of the press as yet another proof of the magnanimity of the conquerors of 1939.

Black leader

JAMES BALDWIN:

One Day, When I Was Lost

166pp. Michael Joseph. £2.25.

In reworking Alex Haley's *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* for a film script, James Baldwin faced some of the same difficulties whose working-out characterized his recent novel, "No Name in the Street". Both involved the struggle to shake off the label stuck on him long since by the poet Langston Hughes: America's "white-haired black boy". An added difficulty in this case was that he was dealing not only with one of the most remarkable human documents of his own generation but with a man whose later life and death-dramatized an important divergence within the Black movement. There is no questioning the depth and sincerity of Baldwin's admiration for Malcolm X; he exults in it often enough in *Malcolm's* life. Equally, there is no doubt of his past dislike of the Black Muslims and their dogma of racial superiority.

However, the clear-cut line on *Malcolm's* life that might have been expected to emerge from these past views fails to materialize—muffled,

one must conclude, by Baldwin's new stance as a committed Black writer. This, at least, would explain why the first half of the book, which deals with Malcolm's past as a hustler in Harlem, is sharp, funny and precise and the second half, after his conversion, is slow-moving and suffused with a sentimentalism almost comparable to that of a Victorian religious tract.

There were practical problems, and this goes some way towards explaining the difference in tone; many of the protagonists in the events of Malcolm's later life are still alive, including his wife. And as Baldwin himself points out in his preface, "the estate of Malcolm X and the Nation of Islam can be considered at war". But when all this is taken into account, the flatness of the second half remains surprising. Red Little was not a more interesting man than Malcolm X. Yet the Egyptian who gloried in Islam, the stuffed dummy, while West Indian Archie, who performs the equivalent service for Little, the hustler, crackles with life. Baldwin's skill in handling the complex story of Malcolm's earlier life, in part through the use of his favourite device of flashbacks, makes the failure to rise to the drama of his death even more surprising.

PETER SNOW:

Hussein: A Biography

250pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £3.50.

King Hussein has been on the throne of Jordan for more than twenty years, and is thus the dayen of Arab rulers. He has survived more plots against him than Queen Elizabeth I, Victoria. He has been at frequent odds with almost all other Arab states and has actually been invaded by one of them. He has lost a devastating war against the Israelis and won a hardly less devastating civil war against half his own subjects. His grandfather was murdered in his presence; his father certified insane. The country which he inherited is minute and impoverished, an artificial creation with no historical roots. Yet there have been times in his reign when Jordan has appeared to be of all Arab countries the most enviable. It is quite a record.

Hussein himself is no enigma. Tough in mind and body, emotional and unaffected and with an intense family pride, at ease with machines and people but impatient of ideas and ceremony, he pops up at a party meetings like a cowboy at a party convention. "He still regards life as an adventure," as Peter Snow says, and that is a refreshing attitude at any rate for watchers from a distance.

Hussein is hated intensely by most Palestinians and by most conventional Arab nationalists in other countries. Could he have avoided this evil reputation which makes his violent death a daily possibility? Mr Snow's biography helps to form an assessment. He has discussed the events of the past twenty years with the King and with many of those who have played a leading part in them, and while this has not provided information that is new or surprising, it has resulted in a sympathetic and judicious narrative.

On the highly explosive question of Hussein's suppression of the Palestinian guerrillas and his relations with Israel Mr Snow tries hard to be fair. He emphasizes the

tremendous pressures Hussein is under from his courtiers and from the guerrillas and the risks he runs by putting off the day of reckoning.

Mr Snow might perhaps have created himself a little more of a friend and relative who has been the King's ear. The external destruction of the guerrillas and the internal creation of a new Arab state, in north Jordan, nine months after the bloody urban battle of September, 1970, was, Mr Snow says, "brought about as much by his own invention of the army as by the government's policy." True, but when he opened an article he wrote after a visit to Cannery Row in 1970 after a visit to Cannery Row in 1970, the writer whose myth he had in mind was Steinbeck, but there are (as there surely are) people waiting around (probably on a newly emerged island-republic) with nothing much to do except wonder when Mr Naipaul will come along and write about them.

Mr Therox's book is interesting, simple, an admirable summation that students should find helpful; but it is a contribution to the myth more than a contribution—which would have been more interesting still—to a discussion about the myth: about why we seem to need it; about why there are (as there surely are) people waiting around (probably on a newly emerged island-republic) with nothing much to do except wonder when Mr Naipaul will come along and write about them.

On reflection, that list of themes, carefully isolated, although supported by chapter and verse quotations from the whole range of Mr Naipaul's work, might apply just as well to the work of other writers; it contains nothing particularly original, nothing which, as a mark of commitment, would easily persuade editors to send him on an assignment, or allow him (as he has been allowed) to pick his own subject.

And here, as in so many other aspects of policy, there is the precedent of his admired grandfather, him to follow. The almost total indifference—contempt, rather—with which Israeli leaders have outwardly treated Hussein since the June War (whatever any of them have gone on in private) is one of the more clumsy parts of his approach to the Arabs.

If the assassin who has been the back of Jordanian thought for twenty years struck tomorrow, it would have left his mark on history. Like another under-rated patriot from these deserts, he has swum hard, often against tide, and Zuhair-like has managed to take the initiative when expected. Given another year or two he might surprise us all.

Jewish youth

EMANUEL LITVINOFF:

Journey through a small planet

158pp. Michael Joseph. £2.30.

Childhood and adolescence are the most precious legacies we inherit; very often the richer, the purer our parents are. From them, the writer derives the themes and images which make his work individual. But when he turns to his own years so full of personal significance he has to be austere selective if he is to convey to others what was so unique in his experience of the general process of growing up.

Emanuel Litvinoff, in what are really twelve separate but inter-related short stories or vignettes, has succeeded delightfully in recreating the world of his growing up in Bethnal Green (1915-39) in a way a more self-indulgent writer would have failed to do at twice the length. Each piece has a unity, but together they add up to more than the sum of their parts. The tight community of the Central European East End of London was at the same time cut off from the surrounding *goyim* and so connected with the United States (land of capitalist freedom) and Russia (at first the symbol of Tsarist tyranny and later of socialist opportunity and despair).

Antisemitism rears its ugly head, when Litvinoff goes at the age of fourteen to the Cordwainers' Technical College, where the illiterate headmaster plays variations on the name which end with his moniker, Parnafsky. But Mr Litvinoff does not indulge in tiresome lacerations about antisemitism in the United States or Russia. He keeps to the age he was at the time, except in his introductory note in which he mentions taking a Swedish writer many years later back to see the Jewish East End (from which he has emigrated to Hertfordshire) and finding the place and squalor the same, but the new immigrant population Mus-

J. NAIPAUL:

The Overcrowded Barracoon

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The Overcrowded Barracoon

1972. £2.50

Mr Therox's book is interesting, simple, an admirable summation that students should find helpful; but it is a contribution to the myth more than a contribution—which would have been more interesting still—to a discussion about the myth: about why we seem to need it; about why there are (as there surely are) people waiting around (probably on a newly emerged island-republic) with nothing much to do except wonder when Mr Naipaul will come along and write about them.

On reflection, that list of themes, carefully isolated, although supported by chapter and verse quotations from the whole range of Mr Naipaul's work, might apply just as well to the work of other writers; it contains nothing particularly original, nothing which, as a mark of commitment, would easily persuade editors to send him on an assignment, or allow him (as he has been allowed) to pick his own subject.

And here, as in so many other aspects of policy, there is the precedent of his admired grandfather, him to follow. The almost total indifference—contempt, rather—with which Israeli leaders have outwardly treated Hussein since the June War (whatever any of them have gone on in private) is one of the more clumsy parts of his approach to the Arabs.

If the assassin who has been the back of Jordanian thought for twenty years struck tomorrow, it would have left his mark on history. Like another under-rated patriot from these deserts, he has swum hard, often against tide, and Zuhair-like has managed to take the initiative when expected. Given another year or two he might surprise us all.

Childhood and adolescence are the most precious legacies we inherit; very often the richer, the purer our parents are. From them, the writer derives the themes and images which make his work individual. But when he turns to his own years so full of personal significance he has to be austere selective if he is to convey to others what was so unique in his experience of the general process of growing up.

Emanuel Litvinoff, in what are really twelve separate but inter-related short stories or vignettes, has succeeded delightfully in recreating the world of his growing up in Bethnal Green (1915-39) in a way a more self-indulgent writer would have failed to do at twice the length. Each piece has a unity, but together they add up to more than the sum of their parts. The tight community of the Central European East End of London was at the same time cut off from the surrounding *goyim* and so connected with the United States (land of capitalist freedom) and Russia (at first the symbol of Tsarist tyranny and later of socialist opportunity and despair).

Antisemitism rears its ugly head, when Litvinoff goes at the age of fourteen to the Cordwainers' Technical College, where the illiterate headmaster plays variations on the name which end with his moniker, Parnafsky. But Mr Litvinoff does not indulge in tiresome lacerations about antisemitism in the United States or Russia. He keeps to the age he was at the time, except in his introductory note in which he mentions taking a Swedish writer many years later back to see the Jewish East End (from which he has emigrated to Hertfordshire) and finding the place and squalor the same, but the new immigrant population Mus-

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The Cannery Row article is one of twenty-one pieces selected from a large body of work written in the past ten years and now collected in *The Overcrowded Barracoon*. Paul Therox's *V. S. Naipaul* is a book of interpretation rather than of criticism, which seeks to identify recurring themes that point up Mr Naipaul's preoccupations: "Creation, fantasy, marriage and householders, restlessness, travel, sense of the past and freedom."

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and give him unusual amounts of space in which to develop his arguments and illustrations. What is missing from the list is the theme of Naipaul himself.

This is the theme that underlies and unifies *The Overcrowded Barracoon* and is in fact what we read the book to expose ourselves to. From Steinbeck to Mailer, Bonamy to Ajmer or Anguilla, cricket to politics, to name but seven of the subjects memorably discussed in this collection of what must rank as marginalia, it is the author's own response, and what we can accumulatively infer from it, that grips the mind. There may be nothing very unusual about that, but of all contemporary writers in this country (is it significant that he is not "of" it?) Naipaul, the name Naipaul, most readily conjures our expectation of some new illumination upon what one may call his scene. The disappointment the reader sometimes feels is almost invariably not in the journey but in journey's end.

When it comes to attempting an analysis of this phenomenon, of a theme seeming to be embodied in the writer's personality so that all the overt themes in his work become subordinate, the phenomenon threatens to disappear and leave us with no more, in this case, than the West Indian writer who writes skillfully on certain subjects which Mr Therox

interpreting this final scene as a concession by Verne to his public. Well, nothing perhaps but a readiness to look at the miles straightforwardly and an ability to recall and allow a proper weight to Verne's own remark about *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*: "Politics has no place in the book anyway." M. Chenevix notes this remark himself from a previously unpublished letter in his last chapter.

As seven chapters of his book are revised versions of articles written between 1966 and 1970 and published mainly in France (but one in Moscow in 1968 and one in America in 1969), it is fair to say that M. Chenevix sometimes seems to be eating his own earlier words or at least shifting uneasily from ham to ham. What is steadily admirable is his desire to set the *Voyages Extraordinaires* in their historical social context. Where he fails, as in the discussion of "libertarian individualism", it is because he discovers conscious or finally "unconscious" political commitment when he should be discovering Verne's acceptance of a Romantic literary tradition. In other words, M. Chenevix's notion of the historical context is too narrowly social and political, but it must be added at once that beside M. Moré and other modern French critics of Verne he is sensible and open-minded. If he has an exaggerated idea of Verne's significance as a literary figure, it is because he is ultimately much less interested in literature than he is in the social ideas that he finds in or can read into the tales.

The translation by Thomas Wikeley is usually adequate, but it is sometimes careless and undiminished, as when, for example, he tells us that chapter three of *Black Diamonds* is "a piece of anthropology." Mr Wikeley should also remember that when M. Chenevix says "the English critic of Verne" by putting the name into French it is a translator's duty to give us the original English words, not their rough equivalent by re-translating from the French. The book contains forty-one of Verne's original illustrations. The index is poor.

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The bourgeois façade

JAN CHENEVIX:

The Political and Social Ideas of Jules Verne

Translated by Thomas Wikeley

Including unnumbered illustrations. Thames and Hudson. £2.75.

The English-speaking world we are not yet used to, to adapt Mr John's words, may to many or endure the way of psychoanalytical or structuralist interpretations, of whom Doyle or Edgar Rice Burroughs ("yet" is an important qualification for who knows what trendy powers are now being rattled out on the windows ledge, where is the window? but they are always quicker to mark in France. Jules Verne's twelve, confirm that he had there.

The door of my old apartment opened and for one moment I expected to see that same urban, respectful boy emerge to greet me. But he was not there. He was in the shabby, elderly man came to the door, carrying a bucket of refuse. He stared at me with a look of mistrust. "Are you gentlemen from the Sanitary Department of the City?" he asked.

I felt indescribably bemused, almost haunting the irreconcilable past. He has recovered the past, the jacket displays at the back, building, despatched chap in striped suit with a careless smile, stock at the neck, walking away up steps away from a derelict house. Now he is older, happier, but more terrifyingly alive than the boy shows on the front of the photograph. He has recovered, after a cravat hand-made by his mother, his revolutionary father. He has recovered, after a cravat hand-made by his mother, his revolutionary father. He has recovered, after a cravat hand-made by his mother, his revolutionary father.

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has noted, which are not strikingly original as preoccupations, but which are made especially poignant by the fact that Mr Naipaul knows better than many what it is to be preoccupied by them, because he is a highly intelligent and articulate member of a minority community. There was, in fact, a time when it looked as though we were being self-consciously kind to him, when giving Naipaul a prize award that mitigated the end-of-term award that mitigated (and at the same time reminded us of the good side of) our colonial past.

But that phase of consciousness of Naipaul is over. The work withstood it. It has become (as this collection also bears witness) even leaner, sparer, and more formidable. Paradoxically, the country it maps has become far more widespread, fragmented, and more difficult to define.

One can say it is situated somewhere within that scattered complex, the Third World, and that the people who inhabit it are looking for another. Sometimes they find a reflection of what they seek in forms of personal rebellion, creativity or fantasy (Mr Therox's helpful hero again); or do not find it because, being a state of mind more than a country, it is synonymous with a freedom that does not exist, with a history that was never written and a future that cannot be imagined except in achievement which other worlds will see as mime. They are often, as a consequence, great travellers, but they take their country with them wherever they go. White, black, brown, in-between, they envy people who seem secure in their environment who merge into it; but they become restless if this enviable way of life threatens to engulf them. They are used to their own. It is better to settle for it and for what goes with it: a grinding sense of loss, a yearning for it must mean the end of self-deception and that requires courage, the antidote to disenchantment.

Mr Naipaul has come a long way since then, but most of these brilliant articles convey the same note of warning. And yet, behind it, one now detects a more stringent but firmer affection for the fantasies of the world. Perhaps one can interpret this in terms of his belief in the power, for good and bad, of the human imagination. Perhaps it is a notion that the single source of that doubly-directed flow will be found one day in Naipaul's country, which lies at the heart of the myth and our involvement with it.

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We are back, coincidentally, to where we began, in Cannery Row,

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Making films politically

AT FIRST SIGHT Jean-Luc Godard is the most perplexing and contradictory of modern directors. A passionate fan of classic Hollywood, he used its motifs only to subvert them and in recent years has moved to a position of unequivocal political denunciation. Originally studiously apolitical, he flirted briefly with ideas of the extreme right before revealing himself, with his latest films, one of the most rigorous and committed directors of the Marxist-Leninist left. A rabid individualist, he now conceals his identity behind a collective pseudonym—"Groupe Dziga Vertov". Frequently abused for dilatoriness, he is in fact, as his collaborators have discovered to their cost, one of the most exact and even pedantic of stylists.

Partly what has happened is that his work has undergone profound and irreversible changes, but the mask of frivolity he tends to put on makes it hard to believe that the change is either serious or likely to be permanent. Partly, too, he revels in the appearance of contradiction and in taking away with one hand what he gives with the other, so that his more plodding commentators have managed to get stuck looking for solutions where he is offering only a problem. We accept him at face value when in fact he is being deliberately provocative and enigmatic. We think he is frivolous at the very moment when he is most in earnest.

But there is more to it than that. For there is also a sense in which he has allowed himself to become a victim of the contradictions with which he plays so ingeniously. Right from the start he has been highly self-conscious about the role of the artist and the problem of how, if at all, art produces a representation of "reality". The more acute his awareness of the problem became, the more he forced himself into positions which were positively suicidal. Reality in the form of the objective image is invoked to correct the confusions of the subject, the artist. But the image is not reality: as such as words, images are only signs. The artist cannot after all take lessons from reality. He can only make choices, necessarily subjective, of which images to present. Either, disoriented, he can disguise the fact that this is what he is doing, or he can be open about it—which amounts in practice to an admission of his own impotence. No longer content to produce sentimental lies, his truth consists only in saying there is no truth.

Up to 1967 or 1968, Godard's scepticism was that of a romantic, engaged in a doomed pursuit not only of Truth but also of Beauty and Love. His gradual conversion to Marxism was precipitated by the May events in Paris and had as its first result the abortive "Cinéma", a desperate gesture in the direction of the total self-effacement of the house of art behind the impersonal forces of external history. But, while this self-effacement might ease the problem faced by the artist as an individual, it left untouched the question of the status of the filmed material and its relationship to reality. Godard clearly could not be satisfied for long with a Guevarist suicide of the intellectuals or with a vulgar Marxist attitude to art as a passive reflector of social contradictions. Besides the "Cinéma", 1968 is also the year of his most overtly sceptical and questioning film, *Le Gai savoir*, and of the first attempt to find a way out of the impasse, the extraordinary but still extremely cryptic *Un film comme les autres*.

Out of the crisis comes a provisional resolution. Gone are the old dichotomies, lightly disguised in political dress, between Art and Life, the Artist and the World, and in their place is a concept of artistic activity as investigation and the investigation as itself a political intervention. This resolution is provisional in two senses: first that it may not outlast Godard's present partnership with J.-P. Gorin; and secondly that it applies basically to political films or, as Godard himself prefers to put it, "making films politically", and therefore concerns only one form of film-making practice. But it does represent a large step forward, and wherever Godard goes on to next it will not be back to where he was before.

The collection of articles, interviews and miscellanea which make up *Godard on Godard* was originally put together in 1968, and the English edition, prepared by Tom Milne, makes little attempt to bring the story up to date to account for Godard's subsequent evolution. This is a pity, if only because Godard's present position illuminates the significance of his past attitudes. But 1968 is such an important watershed in his career that a volume giving his writings up to that date can be perfectly self-contained, and it would be unfair to quibble with Mr Milne's decision to keep as its subject the author of *Breathless*, *Bande à part* and *Alphaville*, and to avoid venturing forward into the world of *Pravda* or *Vladimir et Rosa*.

Strangely enough, perhaps, the most interesting of all the material in the book is the earliest, the articles contributed by Godard, usually under a pseudonym, to early numbers of *Cahiers du Cinéma* and *Le Monde*, of which he was a founder editor. These articles are often referred to, but in the past few years have had first-hand knowledge of them and it is good that they have been made accessible, first to French and now to English-speaking readers. They are of dubious value as criticism, if by criticism one means a kind of sober discourse which resolves the ambiguities of art in simple unambiguous prose. They are tortuous, ornate, and racked by far more ambiguities than the original works on which they claim to be commenting. But the questions which are extracted and the ambiguities which emerge from Godard's treatment of them bear such an extraordinary resemblance to Godard's later film-making style that the texts merit reprinting for that alone.

Mr Milne describes Godard's prose as cryptic. So it is; but the mystery is resolved in the films, in which the dilemmas raised in Godard's mind by the viewing of another author's work are spent out in the form not of a comment but of

Godard on Godard
Edited by Jean Nabrioni and Tom Milne
292pp. Serker and Watling. £3.50 (paperback, £1.90).

JEAN-LUC GODARD:
Weekend and Wind from the East
188pp. Lorrimer. £2.50 (paperback, £1.25).

an alternative practice. This holds both for the short reviews of individual films and for the longer, more general pieces. The aesthetic problem which interests him at the outset is that of the internal life of a film, the way form can be dictated by an inner necessity of the material. This is the theme of the early article, "Defence and Illustration of Classical Construction", and will be that of *Vivre sa vie*, with ramifications in the same question stretching out into *Piège*, *Je t'aime* and *Made in USA*. But what is more striking is the way an even earlier article, "Towards a Political Cinema", written in 1950, moves from this starting-point to a clear anticipation of the problematic of

Reading as response

DOUGLAS HEWITT:

The Approach to Fiction: Good and Bad Readings of Novels
198pp. Longman. £3.

Critical advances, like scientific discoveries, are sometimes made by several inquirers working independently. After a long period when the criticism of fiction was dominated by the Jamesian canon of impersonal narration, total dramatization and the virtues of showing rather than telling, a number of critics in the late 1950s—namely Kathleen Tillotson, Wayne C. Booth and the late W. J. Harvey—reacted against this prevailing orthodoxy, in favour of the story-teller's right to a place in his own narrative. They made a strong case for narrative intervention and the neglected virtues of telling rather than showing. Since then this case has been generally accepted, and the criticism of fiction has greatly gained in flexibility.

It now looks as if another reaction against an orthodox position is developing, this time against the notion of "spatial form". At first sight this statement may seem surprising, since the toehold that Structuralism has gained in the academic world has given what looks like a powerful boost to spatial reading; under the influence of Barthes and his disciples, novels are presented, not as a variegated landscape, nor even as a well-marked map, but as a series of near-disconnected, superficially complex, but all designed to reduce to a single, no matter how rich and various, to a banal set of binary oppositions. The method is a reduction to absurdity of the real achievements of Anglo-American criticism of several decades ago in evolving the concept of "spatial form"—as originally exemplified, for instance, in the Shakespearean criticism of G. Wilson Knight—and is a nice example of the tendency of French criticism to discover triumphantly what the Anglo-Saxons knew about long ago.

But if one looks elsewhere, to critics of real talent and intelligence, one sees clear signs of a responsible reaction. Two years ago Ian Gregor published an excellent essay, "Criticism as an Individual Activity", in the Stratford-upon-Avon volume, *Contemporary Criticism*. Professor Gregor wanted to see the novel as less of an object and more of an embodied process, existing as much in time as in space; he argued that the locus of critical response should be in the phenomenology of reading, with all its changes of pace, degrees of attention and its unfolding pattern of expectations and resolutions. A similar approach is now developed at greater length, and apparently independently, by Douglas Hewitt.

His book may give a misleading impression of conventionalism in its title and preliminaries, suggesting one more work of higher popularization, full of hints for sixth-formers and extra-mural students on the best way of reading novels, which does no more than dilute the accepted critical orthodoxy. In fact it is original and important; in his studied, low-profile manner Mr Hewitt has indicated many fruitful developments. He combines practical criticism of specific works with theoretical discussion, and his means for analysis have a representative quality. *The Way We Live Now*, *Little Dorrit* and *Crochet Castle* exemplify, respectively, realism, symbolism, and the novel of ideas.

Taking his point of departure in the reading situation, Mr Hewitt produces a lot of illuminating ideas. For instance, that the way some fictional characters "come alive" while others refuse to, is a direct result of the degree of credibility that the author has succeeded in establishing in his readers; we believe in characters if we believe in their author, and we believe in him to the extent that his verbal and stylistic resources persuade us to do so. Mr Hewitt's argument comes closer here to Sartre's claim, in *What is Literature?*, that author and reader are necessarily involved in a pact of mutual generosity.

The approach goes a long way to reconciling the traditional opposition between "character" and "language" as categories of critical discussion, though it still leaves unanswered the recurring problem that the major and central characters in novels can often seem far "alive" than the minor and peripheral ones. Mr Hewitt also shows how it is possible to discern what once seemed opposed, and which are in fact complementary, kinds of symbolism in fictional works. Landscapes or objects that immediately reflect and amplify the

latest films. Mr Milne finds this article even more cryptic than most, but this is a case where he could legitimately have availed himself of hindsight. Essentially what Godard is doing in the article is thinking aloud and laying out on paper his own puzzlement in the face of questions which do not seem to him soluble in purely aesthetic terms—for example, how even in mediocre Soviet films the political context can confer on the image an authenticity which no French film-maker seems to be able to achieve. The whole of Godard's subsequent development can be seen as a series of attempts to answer this question and the further questions to which it in turn gives rise.

Useful scholarship is a rarity in film writing, and Mr Milne's commentary, which is for the most part of a pedantic kind, is a model of its kind. Particular care has been taken to render—often, failing that, to annul—the often outrageous puns with which Godard's prose is interspersed. The possible dissociation of sound and sense is crucial to Godard's problematic as a film maker, and his irrepressible taste for word-play is an essential aspect of it, albeit an unconscious one and one

condition of the characters of his novels. The book is a central text in the study of the novel, and it is a pity that it is not more widely read. It is a pity that it is not more widely read.

One of the most valuable features of Mr Hewitt's book is his insistence that there is a central text in the study of the novel, and it is a pity that it is not more widely read. It is a pity that it is not more widely read.

The conflict is never likely to be fully resolved, which is why the novel is so hard to assimilate. The categories of traditional criticism are too rigid to accommodate the new theories. His work would be better if he believed that theory should be rejected in its entirety.

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which is easily dismissed as pathological than the theoretical. Scholarly care also enters into the preparation of the English version of the scripts of two Godard films, *Weekend* and *Wind from the East*, in the Lorrimer "Movie Film Scripts" series. An introduction makes clear that the texts are not shooting scripts, but reconstructions, based on a by-shot description of the film. This laborious but worth-while task was carried out by Nick Fry, while the translation of dialogues is by Danielle Sazdovitch. For *Weekend* and *Wind from the East*, three have all done an excellent job, though one might quarrel with the practice of inventing English subtitles for the typically Godardian intertitles which are abstract jumbles of letters and numbers. The Russian *stakhanovists* usually "ites" and not "it's" English.

A more serious weakness of the volume is represented by the two papers by Robin Wood and James R. B. Heath as introductions for the films. Mr McEneaney's article, merely unsuitable for its new context, being originally a piece of topical journalism comparing the then latest film of Godard with the latest film of the Brazilian director Glauber Rocha. Mr Wood's is merely misplaced. It was written years ago and contains the statement that there is no direct evidence for Godard's communism to the texts of "Marxist Criticism". Whatever justification might have been for writing that in 1967, there is no point in repeating it now, particularly in a volume which has *Wind from the East* as its subject. Unless it is to show how profoundly such critics are out of touch with the sympathy with the whole of Godard's later development.

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DOERS AND THINKERS—6

Theory and practice in and out of science

BY LORD ZUCKERMAN

implements and pots, and then, as they moved into the age of metals, with objects made out of copper and iron. They learnt about smelting, they invented the wheel, they used the branches and trunks of trees as levers, they domesticated plants and animals, and settled agriculture began to supersede the food-gathering mode of life. During each of these phases of man's evolution the theoretical principles which underlay his practical achievements began to emerge—the principle of the lever, the beginnings of astronomy, the elements of mathematics and, above all, the emergence of a language of abstractions, the language of numbers and of theoretical concepts, which men could then start manipulating and enriching without leaving, so to speak, their armchairs, without engaging in any practice.

Exercises for the mind

In consequence, scientific theories now exist in their own right, regardless of what scientists do about them—theories like that of relativity, or the quantum theory, or the germ theory of disease, or theories about the mode of action of hormones, or of the conduction of the nervous impulse. J. J. Thomson and Rutherford introduced their inquiries into the nature of the atom completely sceptical about the practical utility of their intellectual exercises. And G. I. Hardy, another giant of the history of British science, took comfort in the thought that mathematics had no practical use. Today there are thousands of scientists who pursue science as an exercise unrelated to practice, some of them brilliant, some good, some mediocre, and some just larks. Whatever their intellectual quality, and whatever the reasons which made them take up "research" as a career, they are all trying to increase our knowledge of some subject in this way to enrich the theories, as opposed to the practice, of science.

The theories with which they are concerned are generalized propositions which ideally comprehend far more than the particular facts which stimulated the intellectual search that resulted in the formulation of theory. The more fruitful a theory, the more it provides an understanding of facts extraneous to the primary area of observation to which it relates, and the more it encourages the further exploration of the area. Conversely, there are many facts of science which are soundly based on direct or experimental observations for which no explanation is yet available. In spite of the vast progress that has been made over recent years, for example in the field of molecular biology, the biological sciences are still full of them: in many areas the problem is not so much that of adding to a body of established fact as that of finding explanations for some of those which we have—for example, explaining the nature of the influence which one part of the brain has on another, or the mode of action of drugs, or the control of rhythmic processes such as reproduction.

Both the extent and the precision of the distinction between theory and practice vary enormously between different sciences. At one extreme we have the exact sciences

of physics and chemistry, within which theories and hypotheses have a quality of exactness which is rare in the biological, and almost unknown in the social, sciences. In the latter, theory relates so often to situations which are either too abstract, or too coloured by particular virtues of moral or political prejudice, that it has little predictive value in anticipating future social behaviour. Economic theory, for example, may be able to indicate what the consequences will be of particular political decisions; but it can seldom predict with any assurance what these decisions will be. In the physical sciences, however, theory constitutes the solid result of the search for objective truth. The theories of high-energy physics provide an assured basis for nuclear engineering, while without reliable theories about planetary motion and about, say, the specific impulse of fuels, space flight would be impossible. In the biological sciences, theory varies all the way from the most precise to what is little better than arbitrary speculation. The former is valuable as a basis for action; sometimes the latter only beguiles.

There has always been debate—much of it sterile—about the definitions which should be applied to different categories of scientific work. The customary distinction between pure science and applied science, the former being regarded as the pursuit of scientific knowledge for its own sake (as in effect an intellectual exercise), and the latter as the application of scientific knowledge for utilitarian ends. This latter hope motivates an enormous number of basic research workers, who are able to pursue their inquiries by a wide variety of methods, of which experiment is perhaps the best known.

It would, however, be an exaggeration to say that all applied science is necessarily based on established scientific theory. This was certainly not the case in days gone by. For example, the steam engine went through several "unscientific" phases before James Watt applied to it the principle of latent heat. It is not even the case today. The fact that it is necessary to subject all new drugs to empirical test before they are allowed to be sold is essentially a manifestation of our failure, so far, to discover a solid base of theory about drug action. But in the application of science to practice, and in particular in all the engineering sciences, it is now all but impossible economically to proceed except on the basis of an adequate body of theory. Every machine, every assured process, whether in industry or agriculture, every public mechanical service, whether it be transport or lighting or television, should accord with scientific principles. Unfortunately however, technology continually tries to leap ahead of assured theory, or of theory which is potentially at hand, as is only too conspicuously revealed in the failure and abandonment of projects into which millions of pounds or dollars may have been poured.

There are those who would claim that it is only a matter of time before all basic science becomes applied in some practical end, which is another way of saying that all theory in science is due course automatically becomes the basis of practice. This, however, goes too far; it is only too easy to think

of pieces of scientific knowledge which would seem to lack any value as a basis for action, now or ever. This opinion, of course, derives from my personal views of what constitutes utility, not from some agreed conception of what is useful. And it could be argued, I have no doubt, that however remote from the practical world a piece of pure scientific research may be, it could yet throw up methods of inquiry which could be put to practical use.

The reigning body of principles

There is another striking, but I imagine not unique, characteristic of the relation of theory to practice in science. Theory constitutes the reigning body of scientific principles or hypotheses, and in science, as opposed to what may be called "parascience", practice should by definition be explicable by, and based on, theory. But the practice or application of science always makes it possible to extend its theoretical base, both because it often provides the technical means for further exploration into uncharted scientific seas, and in so far as the need to improve upon prevailing practice stimulates the need for new knowledge and new theory.

Thus, the technologies which emerged from the first applications of nuclear physics provided the tools which allowed deeper inquiries to be made into the nature of matter; while the discovery of the antibiotic action of the natural product penicillin provided the spur to the search, not only for an understanding of the principles of antibiotic action, but for other antibiotic substances. The practice of science and the refinement of scientific methods of analysis and thought thus have a social feedback. Science creates the means of satisfying human needs, but by so doing, it stimulates the appetite for more science, and for more of the theoretical knowledge which research can generate.

Lord Zuckerman, formerly Chief Scientific Adviser to the Government, is Honorary Secretary of the Zoological Society and Professor of Zoology at the University of East London. The series will be resumed on December 11, with C. H. Rolph on the social sciences.

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—*Vaughan Williams and Berlioz.*



71st Year 17 November 1972 No. 3,689

BY PETER PORTER

I see no reason to change these views today. There has been a real and widespread decline in the quality of journalistic reviewing. I emphasize reviewing, which is for me the important part of literary criticism. The ability to judge well here and now is the mark of the true critic. What academics compile in books interests me less than what reviewers write in newspapers and journals. There are some exceptions, of course. Books by Empson and Trilling are important beyond any sense of occasion, but the health of a nation's literature is pretty well measured by the standard of journalism it employs in reporting the arts. There are names today to make us proud, the two best, alas, recently dead—Edmund Wilson and Randall Jarrell. Then there are the great creators who write and lecture and have their marginalia collected into books—such as Pound, Auden and Wyndham Lewis. But the debauched area is very wide—it covers daily, weekly and monthly journalism over the whole range of the arts: painting, sculpture, literature, theatre, cinema, music and so on, and on.

Within the sinful terrain I have described, there are various states of venality. I can declare my own faults immediately by confessing that, of the several categories of popular reviewing which are usually ill-done today, I have contributed my share to four—literature, television, radio and gramophone records. Gazing over the whole field, I see good reason to exempt literary criticism and art criticism from the severest

Also, no body of journalists writes so badly, except the record reviewers, most of whose notices seem to have been spoken into a tape-recorder. Most poetry critics write poetry, a few drama critics write plays, some novel reviewers produce novels, but how many music critics try to create the stuff they criticize? Their dilemma is a case of *allegro* can *hira*, a fluency at saying nothing and a fear of offending. Style, as has been often remarked, is the man. Music today is a world of doubt and mystification, and the critics appear in appropriate attitudes—PROs, Men from the Ministry, Early Warning Systems ("I have my ear to the Polish Ground, or What Pendorecki told me"), Profile Writers ("Robbins' London's

Of the following three titles,
are real and one I've made up
if you do not know the poems, I
if you will guess which is better
Depressed by a Book of Bad Poems
I walk toward an Unused Pan
and invite the Insects to join
Sitting on a rusting Harrow
William Batty's Farm; I listen to
Propane Gun frightening the Pigeons
and remember our Landing in
Lebanon; After Drinking all
with a Friend, We Go out in a
at Dawn to See Who can Write
Best Poem. The capitalization
part of the style.

of Nazi experimentation, there might into the open, forced doctors and scientists to consider what was the permissible limits, the safety limits and the value of experiments on human beings. The extraordinary advances of medicine in the past half-century, introducing new methods of treatment, diagnosis, and prevention at an increasing rate, have developed a sort of social contract which promotes scientific and clinical programmes in the condition of social support. The condition is subtle but has public aspects as private aspects, entailing dilemmas and reconsiderations. The method

Early nineteenth-century operating table. The surgeon moved the box of sand with his foot to wherever most blood was running off the table.

experiments are carried out with a medical intention. The subject of the experiment is considered by the experimenter as being a healthy volunteer in whom the scope and effects of a drug or other remedy can be examined under controlled conditions. There may be pathological and pharmacological questions to be answered, such as the efficacy and side effects of the contraceptive pill.

The commonest healthy volunteer is the experimenter himself: some would like to make readiness to fill this role the touchstone of the experimenter's ethical integrity. George Pickering proposed to make it an uncompromising rule:

The experimenter has one golden rule to guide him as to whether the experiment is justifiable. Is he prepared to submit himself to the procedure? If so, and if the experiment is actually carried out on him, then it is probably justifiable. If he is not, then the experiment should not be done.

Such an extreme position is untenable, as the history of two comparatively recent innovations makes clear. Should Eggs Moniz have mutilated his own frontal lobes before trying out leucotomy as treatment for chronic psychosis? Should Wagner Jauregui have inflicted himself with a severe bone graft to patients with syphilis, to general paralysis, as an effective form of treatment?

In some cases, if an intrepid investigator had not resolutely taken on himself an extreme risk, some beneficial advance might have been delayed or even omitted. We have seen how the bold venture illustrated the situation. As an obscure but self-reliant young houseman he decided to introduce a urethral catheter into the chambers of his own heart. Having experienced the results, he opened the vein in his left arm, and pushed the catheter in

for a distance of 65 centimetres. With the catheter still in position he walked a considerable distance and climbed some stairs. The value of this daring method for physiological study, and eventually for therapeutic intervention, was clearly demonstrated, as well as its safety. But Forssman was harshly criticized by his contemporaries and was so discouraged that he did not pursue the matter further.

In an era now passing or past, experimenters who were studying infectious diseases sometimes deliberately infected themselves. John Hunter at the age of thirty-nine inoculated himself with matter taken from a patient who was believed to have gonorrhoea. Unfortunately the patient had syphilis as well. Since Hunter developed symptoms of both diseases, he erroneously concluded that these were the manifestations of one and the same venereal disease. There is little doubt that the syphilitic infection shortened his life. Two more immediate fatalities were: Ian Lazenby, who died from yellow fever, and Daniel Carrion, who died from Oroya fever. Most instances of experimental self-infection have not had a fatal outcome, though the margin of safety is often very small. For example, M. Munch's attack of bubonic plague or Almonro Wright's hystrialsis.

One of the factors promoting self-experimentation is its convenient legal and ethical difficulties can be reduced altogether by-passed, and the majority more quickly satisfied, and a degree of self-sacrifice or self-satisfaction achieved. J. B. S. Haldane was a striking example of this. The problems are of a very different order when the subject is a volunteer under some constraint, who hopes to gain advantage from it. In the United States, some other less generous men in jail have been given this opportunity. Those who approve using prisoners in this way stress the expiatory aspects, the

expediency of having the experimental subjects always at hand, and the value of observation during all the waking hours. The World Medical Association in 1961 pronounced against it for reasons not unlike those expressed by Claude Bernard: prisoners are a captive population and cannot be regarded as volunteers in the strict sense of the word; they may be exposed to more or less subtle pressure to comply with a request to take part in a given study.

Most notable among those who have considered that the use of prisoners might be legitimate was Pasteur. In correspondence with the Emperor of Brazil regarding the prevention of rabies, Pasteur wrote:

Until now I have not dared to attempt anything on men, in spite of my own confidence in the result and the numerous opportunities afforded to me since my last lecture at the Academy of Sciences. I fear too much that a failure might compromise the future and I want first to accustom the suggestions to the animals. But though even then I shall have multiplied examples of prophylaxis of rabies in dogs I think my hand will tremble when I go on to mankind. It is here that the high and powerful interests of the health of the state might intervene for the good of humanity. If I were a king, an emperor or even the president of a republic this is how I should exercise my right of pardoning criminals condemned to death: I should invite the counsel of the condemned man to the eye of the day fixed for his execution to choose between certain death and an experiment which would consist in several preventive inoculations of the rabies virus, in order to make the subject's constitution gradually adapted to the virus. I survived this experiment—and I am convinced that he would—and life would be saved and his punishment commuted to a life-long surveillance, as a guarantee to the words that society which has pardoned him will bring to him the question of cholera.

It ought to be possible to try to communicate cholera to criminals condemned to death, by the injection of cultures of that bacillus. When the disease declared itself, the subjects would be put to death, remedies which are considered remarkably more efficacious.

In Iowa there is a specific law to cover arrangements whereby prisoners who volunteer receive no reduction of their sentence but are only granted parole. In other American centres volunteers receive a monetary reward fixed in proportion to the amount of discomfort or risk they may suffer; there are points of similarity between this and the American attitude towards blood transfusion.

It has occasionally been supposed that patients in the late stage of a incurable or life-threatening disease are better suited for "unconventional" experimental treatments than appropriate safeguards—because "they are going to die anyway". The ethical issue is the same as in other experiments: carrying a heavy risk, and most physicians feel a repugnance against putting "the affected" patient a proposal which implies that he is "expendable". Of course, if the experiment is a therapeutic one aimed at benefiting the patient with a desperate disease (such as drug treatment of a malignant tumor), there is no special precaution, provided that the patient fully grasps the dangers of the procedure.

Students are another special exposed group—especially medical students, who will be hesitant about declining to take part in experiments commended by their teachers and examiners. The Harvard Medical School authorities are vigilant in protecting the student's interests. Before any student can be allowed to be an experimental subject, the investigator must present a detailed protocol which is then considered by an expert panel; consent is nearly always refused for students to take part in basic research which requires them to have injections of a pharmacologically active substance.

Contemporary interest in transplantation of the kidney, heart, and other organs, in renal dialysis, and in recent dramatic experiments in general have cast into the shade various treatments which are demanded, for adequate trial of the efficacy, a degree of courage, and the confidence that makes calmness.

In the past, the theory of human knowledge has been mainly subjectivist: even scientific knowledge was regarded as a special kind of human belief, a particularly well-founded kind. The author breaks with this tradition. He regards scientific knowledge as exposed to objective criticism, and his essays, which argue this fundamental thesis closely, represent an influential approach to the problem of human knowledge. 1 text, 128 pages, 14.50 paper covers £1.50

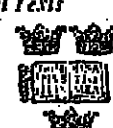
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H. M. Stanley's last great African expedition, to 'relieve' the Governor of the equatorial province of the Sudan at the time of the Mahdist revolt, is probably the best-documented expedition that ever went through Africa in the nineteenth century. Dr. Smith utilizes the very full records that exist, including the remarkable diary of Emin Pasha himself, in this vivid study. 6 plates 3 maps £6.50

This study deals with five aspects of the advisory jurisdiction of the International Court: the evolution of the advisory procedure; the institution of advisory proceedings by the competent bodies; the jurisdiction of the Court requests for advisory opinions; the procedure of the Court in dealing with requests; and the reception and effect of its advisory opinions. 66

The Liberulus de diversis ordinibus should be of interest to students of medieval intellectual history and of medieval religious movements and spirituality. It was written in the thirties or forties of the twelfth century, probably in the diocese of Liège, and is a description of the similarities and differences among the various orders of monks, canons, and hermits of the time. Frontispiece £3.50 *Oxford Medieval Texts*

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beatable: Wagner, Jung, for example, had to weather a storm of obloquy during the years of his determined therapeutic experiment.

A crucial ethical problem arises when the subject for the proposed experiment cannot weigh the risks nor give an informed consent: children, psychotic patients, and the mentally defective are in this category. Some noted adventures in the treatment of the mentally ill have thought it sufficient to be guided solely by their own ethical judgments. Egon Moniz, for example, reviewing the choice of patients for his first plunge into leucotomy, seems to have considered only the risk to life:

"Even if our conception is right we are like blind men in this therapeutic procedure. We have to try the terrain prudently but with firmness when we are fully assured the life of the patient is not in danger. As the first experiment has to be made on patients who are considered inexcusable any alterations may produce in their mental condition will be of no importance."

Modern requirements are fortunately more stringent. In 1962 the Medical Research Council laid down for the guidance of investigators

certain principles of conduct for the mentally disordered or the mentally defective:

The reality of the consent given will fall to be judged by similar criteria to those which apply to the making of a will, contracting a marriage or otherwise taking decisions which have legal force as well as moral and social implications. When true consent in this sense cannot be obtained, procedures which are of no direct benefit and which might carry a risk of harm to the subject should not be undertaken.

Many other bodies have similarly laid down guidelines which specify the principle to be followed: the essence of this is threefold: the experiment should be judged legitimate by competent persons; the subject of the experiment should be told as fully as possible what it entails; and his consent should be given freely, uninfluenced by external pressure of any kind. No one attempts that moral precepts, codes, rules, or guidelines can take the place of or do more than supplement the sense of responsibility which actuates conscientious investigators. It can be taken for granted that no investigator would undertake an experiment on human

beings with a new drug unless he had already ascertained in animals its pharmacological character, range and toxicity.

It is now customary, and in some centres obligatory, to have a permanent local committee to which all projects for experiment on human beings are submitted and whose approval is required for carrying them out. The membership of such committees varies from place to place and is usually drawn from the scientific and clinical staff of the institution where the work is being projected. It has been suggested that the material put before the committee and the reasons for their verdict should be published, or at any rate made available for those who wish to consult it, on the grounds that it would provide an increasing body of case law and would have an educational value.

Such an "ethical" committee is a good working expedient for guarding against ill-advantaged experiments. It also has a disadvantage; a bold investigation which will break new ground may be held up by the veto of some eminent colleague or the committee's over-cautious dread of public opinion. There are striking examples of this in the historical record. Theodore Billroth, speaking with unrivalled authority, pro-

nounced a damning sentence on cardiac surgery: "Any surgeon who should ever attempt to scotch a wound of the heart can be certain of losing the respect of all his colleagues for ever." In Philadelphia Charles Bailey, after three deaths of patients on whose chests he had operated, was told that he would not be allowed to perform any such operations on the heart at any of the three hospitals he had been working for. It is not only surgery that is a conservation holding up an important advance for fifteen or twenty years. On the other hand such a "moratorium" may reduce the number of fatalities that accompany heroic pioneering adventures in medicine.

A constantly recurring theme in every discussion of experimentation is the absolute necessity for having the subject's informed consent. This is not a matter of mere courtesy. As the Medical Research Council report put it:

By true consent is meant consent freely given with proper understanding of the nature and consequences of what is proposed. . . . Owing to the special relationship of trust that exists between

the patient and his doctor, patients will consent to any procedure that is made. Further, considerations involved in the technical aspects of the procedure are not adequately understood by the patient. It must therefore be the duty of the doctor to ensure that the patient understands the nature and consequences of what is proposed, and that he is free to refuse or to withdraw his consent at any time. . . .

The central issues are ethical and medical; but legal and philosophical questions are also involved. The matter—whether offers of payment, the "ends versus means" conflict reviewed exhaustively in the preceding papers which Paul Hays has collected. They include cases of "Thelma Parsons" and a patient contingent from the Harvard Law School.

"The point is that for all practical purposes, the patient's consent is not a free choice. It is a choice made under the influence of the doctor's authority, and the patient's knowledge of the consequences of his choice is limited. . . .

Mr Maurice Collis, in preparing his book, *Nancy Astor An Informal Biography*, had many talks with Mr

Lee, the Astor's biographer at Cliveden. During one of these talks, Mr Lee referring to Lady Astor said, "Some time in 1913 she was attracted to Christian Science, and got in touch with an American woman, who converted her to it completely." Evidently Mr Lee was referring to Mrs Astor's visit to America in the autumn of 1913.

This date is confirmed by Sir James Butler in his biography of Lord Latham, wherein he says of Mrs Astor and Philip Kerr: "In the summer of 1913 they both had given some attention to 'New Thought', but in the autumn on a visit to America she had become interested in Christian Science and she had sent him a copy of Mrs Fady's book Science and Health on his way home from India." He had sailed to India in November 1913 and returned to England in March 1914. Subsequently in 1923 he wrote, as quoted by Sir James: "In the spring of 1914 I first became interested in Christian Science, after investigating most of the other religions of the world."

Incidentally, one wonders what Lady Astor's husband's reaction would have been to the review's caption. For in the *Christian Science Monitor* of May 6, 1964 it is reported that "Lord Astor once said of his wife that when he married her he

hatched his wagon in a star. He added that led to Reich's getting the post at the BBC. He never acknowledged this; he rarely acknowledged anyone else's help.

Much has been heard during this month's celebrations of Reich's desire for the BBC to be independent. It was to be independence of his own kind. Reich's kind was not an open question. It was Reich who put it into them. He courted Prime Ministers, believing he could deal with politicians on his own terms. Their organized removal of him from the BBC in 1948 was only one of the bitter fruits of that particular error.

Reich's character did not develop. It was fixed while he was young. Only his remarkably enduring energy eclipsed the fact how set he remained.

Both body and character were of massive mould. His kindness could be overwhelming. An appeal to help some young man could set all his dynastic gears. His benevolent hand to be Churchill's he would have felt demeaned had it been anyone less. In this unhappy affair both men were right in essence, wrong in method. Reich was woefully under-used during the war. He did not make it easy for Churchill to employ him. In fact, he would ultimately have satisfied Reich except Churchill's own. Churchill's brutal way of dismissing Reich was mitigated by the wise and magnanimous letter he wrote to him years later. Reich never learnt his lesson. He came to have a "magnanimous" mind "overlaid with a sense of grievance". Few men have paid a more harrowing price for greatness than Reich did.

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This year's W. H. Smith Annual Literary Award goes to Kathleen Raine for her latest book of poems, *The Lost Country* (published last year by the Dolman Press and Hamish Hamilton at £14.00). The *Lost Country* is now being reprinted, and at the same time Hamish Hamilton are publishing a new edition of Miss Raine's *Collected Poems*.

When she got into the House of Commons I found I had hitched my wagon to a V-2 rocket."

W. PEARSON-PRAET, Ridge End, Clowhurst, Battle, Sussex.

The article, like much of the music which it celebrates, appears to me as a heralding of all that is least relevant to this specific human activity which we call art. To draw an analogy from another sphere, it is as though Mr Josipovici should glorify the many centuries of animistic superstition in the ancient world, to the detriment of that short period of post-classical antiquity in which religion was made comparatively acceptable to a civilized consciousness.

"In the Middle Ages", he says, "music was subservient to the cult." And that is exactly what was wrong with it; for "cult" is mainly an attempt by man to take refuge in the "natural" order, whereas art, like all else that confers value on human existence, is a counter-construction in the face of that order.

Such a counter-construction is, admittedly, not very well furnished by subjective expressivity, and Stravinsky did a good service by directing attention away from a pervasive concern with subjective emotion; but it was spoiling the service to put in its place the animal urges evident in his street vendors' "crying and clucking" and "frog-like noises", or to use unfamiliar idioms in the manner of Russian popular verse which ignored the accents of spoken verse (this is presumably why his setting of Latin in *Oedipus Rex* and the *Symphony of Psalms* is full of false quantities).

It is Stravinsky's "Asian-Tartar roots" which make him to that extent irrelevant to artistic significance. Western Europe has nothing of value to learn from Asia or Africa—or for that matter from the American popular song, that artistically worthless phenomenon on which a book was reviewed with so deplorably deferential a tone in the same number of the TLS. Neither have we, as inheritors of the post-Renaissance centuries, anything of value to learn from that realistic theatre whose aim, by disengaging the mind from the "theatrical" or "theatrical" of discourse, would seem to be the enslavement of mind to the unconscious.

Of course, from anyone who can't. Yonder, Lustleigh, Newton Abbot, Devon.

DAVID HOLBROOK.

regard Schopenhauer as pointing towards anything more by his analysis of a liberation of art, no valid judgment is to be expected. The fact that Schopenhauer's endeavour culminated in a glorification of one of the most consummate demagogic dupes in all mythology, is sufficient indication of his irrelevance to the human values indispensable to art, whose essence is that they deliver man from subservience to the forces operating in nature and reverberated by it. Such an aim is, as Mr Josipovici rightly points out, ill served by emotional personalism of the Massenet-Puccini kind and it is positively betrayed by the "physical and total theatre" which abounds "anything known or understood".

NORMAN SUCKLING.

The Rambler, Haydon Bridge, Hexham, Northumberland, NE47 6LX.

Meta-porn

Sir,—In reviewing my two books *The Case Against Pornography* and *The Pseudo-revolution* (November 3) your reviewer may have given the impression that I say that pornography causes crimes of violence. He also says that my position, as far as it is based on "psychoanalytic thought and distortion", would not stand up to empirical investigation—yet I myself rely on quantitative statistics.

This, of course, raises wide philosophical problems; and part of my point is that only by drastic oversimplification of these problems do the "liberal-progressive" faction continue to assert that pornography cannot be shown to do harm. For a long time they dogmatically proclaimed that sex crimes had diminished in Denmark since total toleration. This is not so; serious sex crimes have remained at the same level (the minor offences are now committed in studios). In those countries in which pornography has been increasingly tolerated, crimes against the person have increased. Murder has increased by 30 per cent in New York; 32 per cent in Sweden; and in London there has been a sharp increase in the rates for murder, rape, and sexual offences.

I do not say that these are caused by pornography. But I do assert that both the pornography and the sex crimes have increased since the advent of pornography. The person committed by a minority are a manifestation of the same desperate quest for a sense of meaning in life, in a scholastic society. I would also say that pornography is likely to make such false solutions worse, since its essence is to promote contempt for human persons, since its symbolism is that of humiliating others.

DAVID HOLBROOK.

Yonder, Lustleigh, Newton Abbot, Devon.

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Based throughout on research into hitherto unused primary sources, this book examines the rapid changes that took place in English religious history from the standpoint of popular reaction to the ideas of the French Revolution and to the economic changes, as well as from the standpoint of early nineteenth-century Church and State leaders.

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BATSFORD

To the Editor

DNB

Sir,—I can assure Miss Janet Adam Smith (November 3) that there is no reluctance on the part of the proprietors or the editorial staff of the *Dictionary of National Biography* to admit its inadequacies; we indeed think them more considerable than she does. To tinker with them inevitably raises the question of revision, which has been raised on many occasions since the main work was completed in 1901.

A few years ago the Delegates of the Press set up a committee to look into the problem with the assistance of leading scholars in the fields of history and literature. This committee concluded that a completely new Dictionary was needed, and that such a revision should proceed on the lines of the original Dictionary. I, e, should be arranged in a single alphabetical sequence from A-Z and be carried down to 1950. To summarise the grounds for the first of these conclusions: omissions are by no means the only problem; while the present Dictionary inadequately represents certain aspects of national life, especially perhaps business, science, engineering, and, in some respects, the arts, so much new material of all kinds has been brought to light from both public and private archives that commissions of scholarship need to be incorporated into the Dictionary; while all the biographies require revision, the more important lives should be rewritten and most of those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries should be scrapped.

The report of this committee was accepted in principle by the Delegates, but the costs of the enterprise were daunting. In 1965 we estimated that editorial costs would amount to £700,000 spread perhaps over twenty years, and that production charges would be not less than £350,000. Today the first of these figures would stand at over £1 million, and the second might well have to be doubled. At that time the Delegates were prepared to meet the production charges themselves, and

also to make a substantial contribution to the editorial costs, but unfortunately it proved impossible to raise the money for them in this country or in the United States. At present the plan is in suspense, but it could be revived should financial support on an adequate scale be forthcoming.

Miss Adam Smith's proposal that the most obvious deficiency of the Dictionary should be made good by "appending to each new ten year volume a supplement with the biographies of those of any date [any italics], originally left out and now deemed worthy to be put in" is at first sight attractive, but on close inspection it raises as many problems as it solves. If the new lives were to be more than a haphazard addition, a thorough investigation would have to be made by experts into the Dictionary's coverage of the entire course of English history; in other words, the first stage of a total revision of the Dictionary would have to be undertaken. Further, this new cloth would not match with the old; the new lives would inevitably contrast in attitude and approach with the existing ones and would highlight the errors and failings of the latter.

The decennial volumes since 1901 are of a somewhat different character from the main work in that they draw on the knowledge of contemporaries or near-contemporaries to provide assessments that may well be revised later. Thus they are, designated interim publications, and a proposal for a supplement limited to biographies of those who have died in this century but are omitted from the decennial volumes would not be open to all the same objections as Miss Adam Smith's proposal. This is something to which we should wish to give more consideration.

A. P. Woolrich (November 10) asks for a re-issue of the "handy volume edition". The two volumes of the Concise Edition, which now goes down to 1951, if that is what he is thinking of, are available and will be kept in print. He and other of our readers may like to know that

plans for a Compact Dictionary of National Biography, on the lines of the Compact Oxford English Dictionary published last year, are well advanced.

C. H. ROBERTS, Secretary, The Delegates of the Oxford University Press, Walton Street, Oxford.

The Strachey Trust

Sir,—We think that your readers here and abroad might be interested to learn of the foundation of the Strachey Trust. This Trust, which has been registered as a charity under the name of the Central Register of Manuscripts, has been established by a gift from Mrs Alice Strachey, wife of the late James Strachey, and sister-in-law of Lytton Strachey. Wishing the literary estates of James and Lytton Strachey to be used in some fashion that would further the pursuits of scholarship, Mrs Strachey has made over

prestige that foreign libraries attach to them for their autograph value, but scholars who work with modern papers rarely find originals more useful than good facsimiles. The Strachey Trust can help in stopping the export of this country's literary resources by itself acting as agent for the sale of papers, autographs, and the like, and by the best possible facilities made to be held in Britain. The only way to stop the traffic in original papers is to force American and other foreign buyers to purchase papers of which copies have been taken because they cannot obtain them any other way. The regulations governing the ordinary commercial export of such documents are no deterrent to this traffic; they allow the export without licence and without providing for copying for papers under seventy years old and for collections valued at under £100. These regulations could not have prevented, for example, the piecemeal export of the Strachey collection.

Thirdly, the Trust was founded to encourage the formation of a union catalogue of papers of historical and literary interest. At present, scholars who work with primary source material find the task rendered unnecessarily arduous by the difficulties of locating their material in the first place. The Strachey Trust is convinced that a union catalogue could provide them with information on the location of modern papers, and it is for this reason that the Trust has officially called itself the Central Register of Manuscripts.

All TLS readers who have undertaken research that involves the use of primary source materials will be aware of the desperate need for such a catalogue in a manageable and easily revisable form. The rate at which collections of modern papers change hands makes it impossible to record their whereabouts by traditional means of cataloguing. The Strachey Trust hopes to demonstrate the superiority of computer methods of cataloguing to more traditional means, and to cooperate with bodies working in the same field in order to achieve the desirable uniformity of catalogue format. With the proposals for a British Library catalogue now being discussed it is imperative that people concerned with the problems of cataloguing should have an opportunity to meet, exchange views, and find ways of establishing a standard format so that the present confusing multiplicity of systems can be resolved. The Trust hopes that interested parties will use the Trust's advisory body, which will guide the work of the Trust, for this purpose.

Expressions of interest in and support for the Trust's cataloguing project have already come from, among others, the American Bibliographical Center, the Society of Authors, and the Tate Gallery. We are looking forward to establishing contact with representative institutions actively engaged in this field.

In addition to the signatories, the Trustees of the charity are Lord Annan; Miss Lucy Norton; a solicitor; and a chartered accountant. The executive secretary of the Trust is

sum of money and the entire collection of Lytton Strachey's papers to the charity.

The Trust was founded, first, to catalogue, preserve and make available to scholars the Strachey papers and any similar papers that might be acquired by it. The Strachey collection itself comprises many thousands of letters and facsimiles of them, and a proposal for a supplement limited to biographies of those who have died in this century but are omitted from the decennial volumes would not be open to all the same objections as Miss Adam Smith's proposal. This is something to which we should wish to give more consideration.

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Radio cham

that led to Reich's getting the post at the BBC. He never acknowledged this; he rarely acknowledged anyone else's help.

Much has been heard during this month's celebrations of Reich's desire for the BBC to be independent. It was to be independence of his own kind. Reich's kind was not an open question. It was Reich who put it into them. He courted Prime Ministers, believing he could deal with politicians on his own terms. Their organized removal of him from the BBC in 1948 was only one of the bitter fruits of that particular error.

Reich's character did not develop. It was fixed while he was young. Only his remarkably enduring energy eclipsed the fact how set he remained.

Both body and character were of massive mould. His kindness could be overwhelming. An appeal to help some young man could set all his dynastic gears. His benevolent hand to be Churchill's he would have felt demeaned had it been anyone less. In this unhappy affair both men were right in essence, wrong in method. Reich was woefully under-used during the war. He did not make it easy for Churchill to employ him. In fact, he would ultimately have satisfied Reich except Churchill's own. Churchill's brutal way of dismissing Reich was mitigated by the wise and magnanimous letter he wrote to him years later. Reich never learnt his lesson. He came to have a "magnanimous" mind "overlaid with a sense of grievance". Few men have paid a more harrowing price for greatness than Reich did.

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The victims on the verge

DONALD KENRICK and GRATAN FUXIN:

The Destiny of Europe's Gypsies

256pp. Clarendon and Windus for Sussex University Press. Distributed by Heinemann Educational. £2.50.

Although we are dealing with people who members of this council would not look upon as human beings in the normal sense, they have children who are likely to grow up to become a kind of sewer of society.

There are some of these people who you can do nothing with and you must then exterminate the impossible.

These are the words of two local politicians in Birmingham. They were speaking about Gypsies.

The Columbus Centre at the University of Sussex investigates persecutions and exterminations and the conditions under which they are likely to occur. Judging from *The Destiny of Europe's Gypsies*, the third publication in a series, the Centre is doing valuable work by provoking not the transient emotional reflex of pity for victims, but a chilling consideration of why victims are necessary to certain sorts of people and, at one time or another, to almost all societies.

Even in areas where Gypsies cause paranoia on local councils—and it must be admitted, some of them could drive a congress of analysts to distraction—the public library is likely to contain only some twenty-year-old piece of whimsy adorned with scratchy drawings of caravans and cooking-pots and full of the old rubbish about themselves that the Gypsies have always flogged to the Gajos along with their clothes-pegs and predictions. By concentrating on public attitudes to Gypsies, and

leaving out the violence, Donald Kenrick and Gratian Fuxin have written the least sentimental and most moving statement that exists on a form of cruelty that can be seen by anyone on an hour's drive in the Home Counties—anyone, that is, who can tell the difference between the trailer of real travellers and the holiday caravan of a respectable member of the Automobile Association.

The authors are scathing about the fiction, by which some persecutors save their consciences, that there exists somewhere a kind of ideal Gypsy, an Uncle Tom with earrings, a Jew on wheels who could be one's best friend.

These precious few are extolled as racially pure, clean in habits, noble in spirit. But they are never found; they are of course a phantom people. . . . Parliamentary debates, in Britain and elsewhere, contain many references to these imaginary beings. . . . Since these fictional Gypsies are never encountered, it is commonly thought that the families scattered on the roadside are degenerate layabouts and drop-outs unconnected with the true Romanies.

The existence of this false image accounts for the disappointment felt by many a well-meaning liberal when he actually meets a real Gypsy. Approaching him with the naïveté of a Frenchman who thinks all Englishmen believe in fair play and wear bowler hats, he may be disconcerted to encounter an evasiveness and crafty opportunism that seems to prove the persecutor's case. It is a merit of this book that it shows how, in the context of Gypsy history, these apparent defects grew from qualities essential to survival. In their thousand-year war with the rest of us, the Gypsies have had to practise all the tech-

niques of deception used by military intelligence. If this has made them often seem pathological liars, the same could be said of spokesmen for the Pentagon.

To explain why the Gypsies have become what they are, the authors give us a sickening account of what has been done to them. In Elizabethan England the law imposed death simply for being a Gypsy. Under the Austro-Hungarian Empire Gypsies were held as serfs. The treatment of one recaptured after escaping was recorded by his master:

At my dear wife's request I had him beaten with rods on the side of his feet until the blood ran and then made him bathe his feet in strong caustic. Afterwards for unbecoming language I had his upper lip cut off and roasted and forced him to eat it.

In nineteenth-century Denmark Gypsies were hunted; the bag in one day in Jutland was 260. Even Nazis, who grumbled that the Gypsies, unlike the Jews, fought and resisted, took their way to the ovens, were driven to protest at the

atrocities committed by the Croatian Fascists.

What continues to appal after the horrors have faded by reputation is the persistence in the human race of a recurrent Manichean bigotry immune to logic, fact, or reason. When Gypsies first arrived in Europe, they were disliked because they were black, by marriage with other stock they produced fair-skinned children. This led both to the old racist fantasy of the blacks raping our women, and the belief that Gypsies stole Gajo children. When the Nazis, with their plans to exterminate the Gypsies well under way, discovered that Romanies were an Aryan language, they tried to show by experiments that the Gypsies could not be Aryans because they had different blood and skull structure. In 1969 an English householder found a new move in the game that only white can win. Petitioning against a Gypsy family being given a vacant house, he remarked that "Gypsies only look black because they don't wash."

Although about a quarter of a million Gypsies were killed by the Nazis, not one Gypsy was called a witness at Nuremberg. On any racial reason but because of asocial and criminal record, they have had great difficulty in escaping any compensation in the German government. Today in France, Gypsies must carry identity cards, and their children have distinctive number plates. In Britain the Highway Act of 1959 appears to break our own racial laws. "If without the authority or excuse . . . a gipsy encamps on a highway he is guilty of an offence."

One would like to suggest that this excellent book should be read by all local councils. That is not to happen. But if every library would buy a copy, and display it where the local huns might raise some sordid little war, it would do at least as much good as the Gypsies' well-thumbed toasts will be more effective if they have no illusions about the violence and understand the degrading workings of the persecutor's mind.

Thinking for Hitler

ROBERT CECIL:

The Myth of the Master Race

Alfred Rosenberg and Nazi Ideology
256pp. Batsford. £1.

The more we learn about the Third Reich, the less it is seen to fit into the neat categories of its contemporary observers. This is true of its system of government, of its economy and society and, not least, of the ideological basis of the Nazi movement. The notion that Nazi ideas deserved serious analysis was for long taboo. Hermann Rausing, who shocked Western readers in 1939 into appreciating the limitless nihilism inherent in Nazism, stressed its *Doktrinlosigkeit*; its concepts were, at best, *Weltanschauungsstruktur*. Three years later Franz Neumann insisted in *Behemoth* that

National Socialism has no theory of society as we understand it, no consistent picture of its operation, structure and development. . . . The absence of a basic theory is the difference between National Socialism and Bolshevism.

Hugh Trevor-Roper, probably began the turning of the tide by declaring, in his preface to the *Table-Talk*, that "Hitler had a mind . . . and his mind is, to the historian, as important a problem as the mind of Bismarck or Lenin"; but even he concluded that it was

imposing indeed in its granitic harshness and yet infinitely squallid in its miscellaneous lumber—like some huge barbarian monolith surrounded by a festering heap of refuse . . . the intellectual detritus of centuries. It is as if, for a whole generation, the very exercise of analysing Nazi beliefs would imply morally equating them with the heritage of the Enlightenment or Marx; as if it risked turning Hitler from a monster into a statesman.

Of course the situation has changed in the past twenty years. Both Hannah Arendt and Ernst Nolte have, in their very different ways, put Nazi ideas in their historical context. More recently, Eberhard Jäckel's *Hitlers Weltanschauung* has provided an indispensable guide to the Führer's own ideas, but without discussing their sources. The time was therefore ripe for a full-scale study of the party's ideology. Alfred Rosenberg, though he was considered important enough to hang at Nuremberg, has been ignored by scholars. In part, no doubt, because Nazi ideology has been generally at a discount in part, because most of Rosenberg's writings, particularly *Der Mythus des 20. Jahrhunderts*, are almost impenetrably turgid. In part, also, because for much of his political career Rosenberg was conspicuously ideologically

obsessed: that Bolshevism was part of the world Jewish conspiracy that it was Germany's mission to lead a crusade against this threat and that Germany's most valuable ally in this venture were the East. He was head of the Kampfbund für deutsche Kultur, but was outflanked after the seizure of power by Goebbels's propaganda ministry. In 1933 he was put in charge of the party's foreign policy division, but foreign policy was made first by the career diplomats, thereafter by Ribbentrop. Finally in 1941 he was put at head of the newly created Ministry for the Occupied Eastern Territories, but his nominal empire merely became the happy hunting-ground of army, SS and Labour Front rivalries. It was symptomatic of his frustrations that Hitler failed to acknowledge his offer of resignation in 1941.

Then why bother with a book on him? The answer is that for a brief period, lasting from 1928 to 1941, he exercised a crucial influence on the development of Hitler's ideas and therefore gave a lasting shape to the way in which Hitler envisaged his options both before and after the seizure of power.

Rosenberg was one of a number of Baltic-German exiles who found themselves in Munich at the end of the war and got drawn into the Far Right groupings, both German and émigré Russian, that flourished in post-revolutionary Bavaria. Indeed, they were an essential link between the two. In the first place they were able to tap the large sums of money that the Russians commandeered and that the Germans badly needed. But the intellectual bridge that they formed was even more influential. They brought with them, dating from 1905, a phobia of revolution which they were increasingly tempted to link with the political inaction of Jews and the cultural inferiority of the native peoples of Eastern Europe.

None of this was in itself new to Germany. Antisemitism as an anti-revolutionary doctrine had existed there before 1914, though without ever mobilising a mass following. Hitler had acquired his anti-Jewish and anti-Slav prejudices in prewar Austria. But these ingrained resentments did not add up to a viable political programme, let alone a basis for a successful insurrectionary movement. What the Russian-Germans brought with them for the terrible events of 1917-18: a conspiracy theory of the Elders of Zion, concocted in France, published in Russia, but virtually unknown in the West before 1919.

Rosenberg's commentary on the *Protocols*, written in 1923, was not the first to appear in German. But four years earlier he had been introduced by a St Petersburg acquaintance, Edith von Schreck, to Dietrich Eckart, the drunken poet who was then Hitler's chief intellectual mentor, and through Eckart had introduced Hitler to what were to become his main

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Naked-apery

GIORGIO GENOVES:

Race Inevitable?

277pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.50.

Race Inevitable? according to the preface, originated as research for a film to celebrate the Mexican Revolution in 1968. From working on Genovese joined Thor Heyerdahl and his crew on the *Kon-Tiki* and Ra II across the Atlantic "to see if a small group of men drawn from totally different cultures and backgrounds could cooperate under such circumstances. They did, and Professor Genovese went on to write this book."

It is a worthy cause, an attempt to counter some of the prevailing biological and genetic myths concerning man's innate aggressiveness and genetically-determined behaviour and differences that have become popular following the writings of such men as Konrad Lorenz, Desmond Morris, and Hans Eysenck. Genovese is a physical anthropologist, and to deal with the ravens of myth and pseudo-science he has not only drawn on his own discipline but marched boldly into the territory of others. So he has almost a relief to follow the author, striding resolutely through the proof that intraspecific competition does not make war inevitable, that "innate aggressive behaviour is a mere nest, that 'the survival of the fittest' does not mean the victory of the most warlike, and that differences in human behaviour between different racial groups are not genetically determined. There is something tragic about the fact that many of the racist biologists, including the Nazi Left, are not only in Russia, Bolshevik or not, are the fiercest opponents of the war against the Jews, and some of them even are Bolsheviks a discipline."

It therefore becomes interesting to ask the question that Professor Genovese does not deal with: why is the book so persuasive, why is it taken up so eagerly by the anti-fascist biologists of the 1960s, and why has it found so many readers since 1945, and here we are again.

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The absent father

GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR:

Rethink: A Paraprimitive Solution

277pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.50.

Sociology and theology, like life, are very easy to muddle through somehow and very difficult to do well. Gordon Rattray Taylor is a variety of socio-theologian and, considering the odds stacked against him, he performs not at all badly. He writes as if he were a Keith lecturer of the more egregious kind and is clearly what television people term a "global thinker". He has read here a little, there a little, and pronounces about the future we may have and ought to have with the confidence of a contributor to the Sunday colour supplements.

The major source of Mr Taylor's thinking is clearly cultural anthropology with a strong tincture of psychoanalysis. Abram Kardiner is an acknowledged influence, along with Ruth Benedict and Margaret Mead. The result could be termed the politics of child-rearing: how to achieve a mutation in the basic personality structure. But the conclusions are not too radical because Mr Taylor has also absorbed Norman Cohn, Mary Douglas, and critiques of R. D. Laing. We must change, no doubt, but the values of structure, order, stability and security must not be scanted in the delirious pursuit of pure freedom. The crucial missing factor in the contemporary social mess is not a hole in the balance of payments but the problem of the absent father.

When one is a child one often has a box of mixed bricks which can be piled on top of one another until the variety of different shapes and sizes ensures the whole crazy tower collapses. This is roughly how Mr Taylor treats the very mixed stock of sociological and psychological typologies. His favourite ones are of

the simple bi-polar type, and this enables him to propose his favourite solution: the Third or Middle Way. Middle Ways are always the best. His basic types are "Patrist and Matrist" and turn around the immutable immediacy of the permissive bosom of Mother Earth and the external, demanding, self-isolating edicts of our Father in Heaven. On the one hand are the regimented ranks of the Patrists; on the other hand are the Matrists. The Matrists are currently making all the running, but there is a principle of balance in history roughly complementary to the balance in Mr Taylor's mind. History consists either of Patristic periods or Matristic periods, or of a mixture of both. Of course, there are cross-cutting sub-varieties which are delineated, too, but in these the assortment of items becomes loose to the point of incoherence.

Mr Taylor's words about the Matrist trend, supplemented as it is by what he calls "soft-ego" tendencies, is partly based on the difficulty of maintaining essential functions without reliable, self-controlled personalities to operate them. The person to build a bridge is a Stoic, not a Naturalist. The worry centres also on the failure of the "democratic family" to achieve those qualities of initiative, inner-directedness and sensitivity to the needs of the others which were supposed to be produced by it. Instead of creativity we are, in his view, just as likely to reap a crop of anxiety, neurosis, cynicism and hopeless relativism. "The euphoric optimism of a Timothy Leary, who believes that if people simply heeded their inner selves and gave up all struggle, all would be well in this anything but a merciful world," says the success-seeker.

Mr Taylor regards our society not only as suffering a corrosive Matrist excess but also as embodying Patrist and Matrist elements in extreme

forms. Square politicians and industrialists control the shots into which rounded mystics and humanists cannot and will not go. Since we cannot produce a society with exactly the right proportion of square and round holes to fit the proportions of different personality types, we must concentrate on a more integrated basic personality for the next generation.

It is at this point that Mr Taylor produces his programme, designed to bring about the necessary mental prophylaxis and to reject the humanly irrelevant pursuit of GNP or technical progress. This programme apparently stands its best chance in Norway and Sweden, countries which do not suffer from overpopulation, and have plenty of islands, smallish towns and uncorrupted Nature.

However, Mr Taylor is not entirely sanguine: to bring up children firmly, so as to give them something to rebel against, might not appeal to youth; the restriction of technology would irritate the scientists; the return to a just price would be unpopular with financiers; decentralisation would annoy government, bureaucracy and industry; and the incorporation of pantheistic elements is not yet fully acceptable even to the Church.

And yet perhaps Mr Taylor isn't quite so silly as a summary inevitably makes him sound. He is a sort of Tolstoyan liberal, against violence and dogmatism, afraid equally of bureaucratic socialism, of the socially indifferent pursuit of technical efficiency or wealth, and of the kind of anarchism which dissolves all securities and continuities. There must be plenty of people who feel like that. It is a pity that the "programme" doesn't exactly convince. But one final word of comfort: "the late Mary Douglas is alive and well and in University College London."

CARD sharpeners

MICHAEL BANTON:

Racial Minorities
192pp. Fontana. Paperback, 50p.

The director of the Social Science Research Council's Research Unit on Ethnic Relations has written what seems at first sight to be a puzzling book. *Racial Minorities* is intended as an introductory text for first-year sociology students; but Michael Banton has decided not to travel the well-worn road from genetics to biological race to social race, taking in South Africa and Cuba (if not China and Peru) on the way. Instead, he presents the topic obliquely, and distances himself from his material in two ways: first by devoting a substantial proportion of his text to a case-study of a single—and, to be frank, not very important—incident (the changes that took place within the Campaign Against Racial Discrimination in Canada); secondly, by offering a set of different and mutually contradictory interpretations of these events. These are chastely labelled outlooks A, B, C (i) and C (ii); initially, at least, the reader is offered no guidance about Professor Banton's own preferences between them; even when they begin to emerge in their true (nasty) colours as conservative, social democratic, Marxist, and Black Power respectively.

It is true that this prolonged opening gambit is succeeded by five comparatively orthodox chapters on situation in Britain, but even here Professor Banton adopts a studiously equivocal approach towards a topic often characterized, even in its academic manifestations, by furious schisms and distressing heresy-hunts. Eventually, however, the purpose of the exercise does emerge. In his own calculatedly restrained style, Professor Banton is trying to re-assess the basic purpose of intellectual inquiry in the field of race relations at a time when, in his own words, "Anyone who believes that the academic analysis of racial problems is an eminently worthwhile activity will be saddened by the banality of much that is published in this field. The intention behind *Racial Minorities* is to assert the validity of the

academic approach to the subject, in the teeth of the fashionable absurdity that dismisses all such research by white social scientists as 'spying'. The moderation with which Professor Banton eventually develops his case does not prevent him from being waspish, at times, about the standard of recent work in the field. He casts a cool eye on Mark Abrams's attitude survey for *Colour and Citizenship* volume, and a positively cold one on John Rex's influential theory of housing classes.

Even so, Professor Banton is clearly well aware that he will be accused of pussy-footing on important issues: he has anticipated, and to some extent provided, an answer to the charge. Yet it could be argued that the device of standing back from interpretation of material through the deploying of alternative approaches is a little glib: one can wear the mask of impartiality too efficiently. More basic flaws can also be detected in the presentation. The chapters on the urban context and minority attitudes are surprisingly flaccid; too much of the material has been employed once too often and shows distinct signs of wear and tear. The faults are balanced, if not wholly redeemed, by useful sections on the migration process and the diversity of minorities. But perhaps more important still, the chapters on the CAAD affair, which should be the pivot of the book, are thinner and less conclusive than they should be. Professor Banton does not seem to have read B. W. Steiner's thesis on the episode. More broadly, he does not obey his own injunction to ask fundamental questions. An obvious one that he missed is: What happened after the takeover bid had succeeded? The answer—the rapid decline in CAAD to disarray—provides better evidence of the real motives of the participants than the elaborate range of speculations through which Professor Banton runs.

But, all this said, *Racial Minorities* remains useful: not for any originality of content—its author would be the first to disclaim any intention to provide that—but in that it demonstrates that mileage can still be obtained from sober analysis, applying the tested techniques of social science, even, or perhaps especially, to so contentious a subject area as race relations.

Ours or theirs?

ALLEN HYNK:

The UFO Experience
A Scientific Inquiry
277pp. Abelard-Schuman. £2.50.

Allen Hynk is the first ranking UFO expert to come properly to grips with the vexing subject of Unidentified Flying Objects, and his long term of office—over twenty years—as a scientific consultant to the United States Air Force adds much to the authority of his investigation. The book deals with the two basic aspects of the UFO problem: the classification and evaluation of the phenomena, and the attitude of the scientific and military establishments.

The author has come to the conclusion that there is an overwhelming case for treating the UFO sightings as an important body of empirical observations which demand professional study and investigation; the author deals with the two basic aspects of the UFO problem: the classification and evaluation of the phenomena, and the attitude of the scientific and military establishments.

stemmed from the understandable attitude of certain sections of the scientific establishment, although it now appears that many of the scientists who succeeded in exerting this negative influence were not, so to speak, "le haut du panier". Dr Hynk refers to "the cavalier disregard by Project Blue Book of the principles of scientific investigation", in order to support the basic belief that UFOs just don't exist. Beseated by a host of honkers, hysterical cultists and other members of the lunatic fringe, the US Air Force decided to take refuge behind a cover organization which purported to study the phenomenon, but actually set out to pan it. The leaders of the Establishment, including the discoverer of Pluto—Professor Tombaugh, who has himself witnessed UFOs—have for years kept out of the arena, presumably to avoid getting their feet wet, despite the desire of such men as U. S. Thant and other members of the UN organization to set up an international investigatory body.

When public dissatisfaction with "Blue Book" became embarrassing, the Air Force subsidized the massive Cundon Report which, by British standards, was suspect from the start, and soon graduated—via a "leak" from one of the committee—to the status of a sorry story from the beginning. And we must be grateful to Dr Hynk for rescuing an absorbing subject from the twin clutches of hysteria on the one hand and officialdom on the other. Dr Hynk's closing remarks are worth careful consideration by the scientific community: "When the long awaited answers to the UFO problem comes, I believe that it will prove to be not merely the next small step in the march of science, but a mighty and totally unexpected quantum jump."



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The *Profession of Violence* is a book made possible by the unusual opportunity which its subjects gave the author. The use he made of it is a result in an ably-written and interesting account of one of the ills of our country.

displaying most of the classic signs of disturbance. "If a child were today the way she did, I would immediately send them to the Children's Clinic," her former business told the author. But why, her mother, one of the four children of affectionate, hard-working parents, grow up unstable and delinquent, when her two sisters and her brother were happy and well adjusted? If there were no answer to that question, those who try to do psychophysics would have a most hopeless task. Pending it, Dr. Sereeny's book does something to assure that, in future, no child of eleven, no matter what the child's "victim" or she is accused, will undergo the medieval punishment of the azire coat, it will have been worth writing.

minence to the multifariousness of the man's activity, the energy and resourcefulness that enabled him to carry on a peripatetic second-hand business, to murder many people and make their bodies vauls or to liquidate their property, while still striving to lead the life of a middle-class waterfancier and with a young mistress. The complexity of relationships is amazing, with which he speed about his work of relationships is amazing, and the virtuosity with which he played his various roles and the composure he showed during the trial and the postscript to his life.

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